

The mad-merry pranks of Robbin Good-fellow.
To the tune of *Dulcina*.



From Oberon in Fairy Land
the King of Ghosts and Shadowes there,
Had Robbin I at his command,
am sent to view the night sports here.
What reuell rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I goe,
I will oze see,
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho ho ho.

More swift then lightning can I flye,
and round about this ay: ie welkin soone,
And in a minutes space descrie
each thing that's done beneath the Moone:
There's not a Hag
Nor Ghost shall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do goe,
But Robin I
Their seats will ippe
And scare them home with ho ho ho.

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night sports doe trudge home
With counterfeiting voyce I grāt,
and cause them on with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes
Ore bush and byer with them I goe,
I call upon
Them to come ou,
And wend me laughing ho ho ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound,
And to a horse I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My backe they stride,
More swift then winde away I goe,
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pcoles and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho ho ho.

When Ladds and Lasses merry be,
With possets and with iunkets fine,
Unseene of all the Company,
I eate their cates and sip their wine:
and to make sport,
I fart and snort,
And out the candles I doe blow,
The maids I kisse,
They shryke who's this
I answer nought but ho ho ho.

Yet now and then the maids to please,
I card at midnight up their wooll:
And while they sleep, snort, fart, and tease,
With whele to threds their flaxe I pull:
I grind at Mill
Their spalt by still,
I dreffe their hemp, I spin their towse
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho ho ho.

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The second part, To the same tune.



When house of harth doth stutish lie,
I pinch the Maids there blacke & blew,
And from the bed the bed-cloathes I
pull off, and lay them naked to view :
twirt slepe, and wake
I doe them take
And on the key cold flooze them throw,
If eut they cry
Then forth flye I,
And loudly laugh I ho ho ho.

When any need to borrow ought,
we lend them what they doe require,
And for the use demaund we nought,
our owne is all we doe desire :
If to repay
They doe delay
Abroad amongst them then I goe,
And night by night
I them affright
With pinching, dreames, and ho ho ho.

When lazie queenes haue naught to doe,
but stude how to cogge and lie,
To make debate and mischief too
twirt one another secretly:
I marks their glose
And doe disclose
To them that they had wronged so,
When I haue done
I get me gone
And leaue them scolding ho ho ho.

When men doe traps and engins set
in loope-holes where the vermine creepe,

That from their foulds and houses set
their ducks and geese, their lambs and shepe,
I spy the gin
And enter in,
And seemes a vermin taken so
But when ther there
approach me neare
I leape out laughing ho ho ho.

By Wels and Gills in medowes greene
we nightly dance our heyday gillie,
And to our fairy king and queene
wee chant our soone-sight harmonies
When larkes gin sing
Away we sing
And babes new borne steale as we goe,
An else in bed
We leane in stead,
And wend us laughing ho ho ho.

From Hag-bred Merlins time haue I
thus nightly reuel to and fro :
And for my pranks men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow:
fiends, ghosts, and sprites
That haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins doe me know,
And Weldams old
spy feats haue told,
So Vale, Vale, ho ho ho.

FINIS.

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